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S. H. FLEMING, Editor and Proprietor.

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A New Year's Retrospect.
Would I go back, if I might,
Little one, with shining hair
And soft eyes of joyous blue,
Rais'd to mine, which sadder are.
Back, and be a child to-night,
Such a little child as you?
Would I have it all again—
Babyhood's delicious flower,
Childish dream and childish hour,
Earliest dew of earliest flower,
At the price of all the pain
Which divides that hour from me?
Ah! the dawn, the dew were sweet!
Life in bed unstartled by sun
Holds all fragrance of the day.
You are happy, little one;
Yet I would not turn my feet,
Though I might, that backward way.
Would not lose one footstep gained,
Nor trace at even-tide
The long slope in morning trod,
From whose summit half attained
In the clear sunset are descried
All the shining hills of God.
Not for all your locks of gold
Or the glad and fearless gleam,
Or your whiteness, oh, my lamb,
Would I change my place, and be
Made again a baby, old,
Grieved, and weary though I be.
New, the wonder in your eyes!
And the puzzle in their blue!
Go back, darling, to your play;
I will come and frolic too.
Nor becloud your laughing skies
With my shadow yesterday.
—Susan Coolidge.

Grace Hazelton's Mother-in-Law.

Grace Hazelton was a happy woman; she had been married but a few months to the man she loved; but perfect bliss is impossible in this world, and she was in a very thoughtful mood; for had not all her friends warned her against a mother-in-law? And her husband had just informed her that he would like his mother to share their home.

"It is true," he continued, "that she has all that she requires in a worldly sense; but she resides in a distant city among strangers; she is advanced in years, and I think she should be with her children. You are very young dear Grace, and are motherless; and if you were to know my mother, I am sure you would love her."

But these very words hardened the young wife's heart; she was resolved not to love her mother-in-law, and was sure that she was a meddlesome old woman, who thought no girl good enough for her son Harry. And with woman-like inconsistency was sure that the few faults her husband possessed he inherited from his mother.

The door opened, and Mrs. Candid entered. She greeted Grace by exclaiming,—"Moping already, and only been married a few months! Have you had your first quarrel, or did Harry forget to kiss you good-bye?"

Mrs. Hazelton laughingly assured her friend that none of these misfortunes had occurred, and she was anticipating the arrival of a guest.

"Do tell me who it is!" cried her gushing friend. "Is it Harry's brother, or one of his bachelor friends?"

"Oh, no!" was the reply. "It is—his mother."

"Horrors!" was the emphatic rejoinder. "You are going to live with your mother-in-law! I would never endure such an infliction. I am older than you, so take my advice; do not give your consent to have her a permanent inmate of your house. But I have many more visits to pay." And she left Grace Hazelton in no very enviable frame of mind.

Day after day she pondered on that dreaded arrival until she became quite low-spirited; and one morning she awoke and found herself so weak that she was obliged to keep her bed and consult the family physician, who declared that she was suffering from nervous prostration, and inquired if she had any trouble on her mind. She answered, "None." Her husband endeavored to cheer her by telling her that his mother was a good nurse, and that under her care his little wife would soon be quite well. Innocent man! he little suspected that the only cause of her malady was the dreaded mother-in-law.

Grace was not so ill as to require the care of a professional nurse, and she was sure that among her numerous friends she would receive all the attention that was necessary. She had been alone many hours when she heard a tap on the door, and her most intimate friend, Mrs. Gushington, entered.

"My poor dear!" she exclaimed in loving tones. "Are you sick?"

The question was certainly unnecessary, as Grace's pale face spoke more eloquently than words.

"I was going to spend the afternoon with you, but I am so sensitive that I

cannot see any one suffering, and the atmosphere of a sick-room always affects me unfavorably; so good-bye, my dear. I hope that you will soon be better."

A few more hours passed, and the invalid longed for a friendly voice to cheer her. At last Mrs. Lemon entered the room. Her countenance corresponded with her name. The sound of her voice was sharp and bitter as she exclaimed:—"This will never do! You must not give way. I am sure that your sickness is all imaginary. My son John's wife was always sickly, and when I came to live with them I told her to go around and work it off. When your mother-in-law comes I am sure that she will give you the same advice, for we both come from the good old-fashioned stock. But you look tired, so I will go."

Our young friend endeavored to forget her troubles in slumber, but thoughts of her mother-in-law banished sleep.

Harry Hazelton returned home and found his wife weeping like a child.

"Oh, Harry," she cried, "I am so glad you have come! I am so lonely, and I feel so ill!"

"Why, what is the matter, little woman?" he asked in cheering tones. "Did all your friends desert you?"

"One or two called," she answered, "but they appeared in a hurry, and only stayed a few minutes. It has been such a long day, and I feel as if I were alone in the world. I have no mother, no kindred. I thought that I had friends, but now that I require their attention I discover that I have only acquaintances."

"My child," replied her husband, "it is only the way of the world. Selfishness is the nature of mankind. Get well, be able to entertain visitors, and your guests' visits will not be so hurried."

The next morning the young wife awoke ill in mind as well as body. The long hours dragged along; no friends came to cheer the invalid, only polite messages of inquiry respecting her health. She felt desolate and forsaken. Suddenly a faintness crept over her; her eyes closed and she became unconscious. When she recovered she saw a sad, gentle face bending over her. This lovely old lady could not be a mother-in-law. She then heard the question—"Has the poor child no friend, that I find her so alone when she requires a woman's care?"

"Mother," was the reply in her husband's voice, "are you not old enough to know that the world is selfish?"

Then she realized that the dreaded mother-in-law had arrived. Presently she heard her husband say, quietly,—"I will now leave you, and I am sure you will be able to take better care of Grace than I can, for I do not understand her sudden illness."

"My son," was the reply, "you should cheer your sick wife, not sadden her by unkind speeches."

The door closed, and they were alone. The old lady embraced her daughter-in-law, and said in gentle tones,—"My child, do not fret over those foolish words of Harry's; men are not so sensitive as we are, and he did not intend to be unkind. Now tell me what has so prostrated you? You not only are ill, but you are enduring mental anxiety. I do not think my boy can treat you harshly, for I always taught him that it was unmanly to be unkind to a woman. Confide in me, my child, and tell me the cause of your unhappiness."

The young wife's reply was to throw her arms around the speaker's neck and to sob out these words,—"Do not speak so kindly, for I must make a confession that may change your affection to dislike."

"Grace," was the reply, "I will spare you the humiliation of any explanation by uttering one word; that word is mother-in-law. You dreaded my arrival, for you always regarded a mother-in-law in the light of a social monster. And now we will change the subject, for you are too weak to talk. I have made you some jelly and you must endeavor to eat it; then try and rest, and I will soon return."

A few hours later, and Mrs. Hazelton entered the room. She gently approached the bed, and glanced at the young wife's pale cheek; she looked but a child as she slept. She moved unobtrusively and softly murmured, "Mother!" She was dreaming of the dead.

A tear fell upon her upturned face. She awoke, and for a moment imagined that her mother had come from heaven to watch over her child; but it was her mother-in-law who bent over her and shed the tear of sympathy, and it was on her mother-in-law's breast that she sobbed out her childish grief.

"Now, my dear," cried the old lady, "you must not become morbid; try and

get up; I will dress you. I have laid the table in the sitting-room, so we will surprise Harry when he comes home with company to dinner."

When the husband returned he was surprised at the wonderful recovery of his wife.

"Why, mother," he exclaimed, "you must be a witch!"

But the daughter-in-law answered:—"No, she is an angel. With noble forbearance she refused to hear the confession of my ignorant prejudice against her, but I must acknowledge my fault. Harry, my illness was caused by grief at the idea of receiving your dear mother."

"My child," replied Mrs. Hazelton "do not reproach yourself. When I was your age I almost hated my husband's mother, and in after years we had many a laugh over our first meeting; and I learned to love my mother-in-law with true affection, for she was a noble woman."

Five years passed away. Grace Hazelton knew both joy and sorrow. She was a mother—death claimed her babe—she stood by its tiny coffin bowed down by grief. It was the mother-in-law who shared her sorrow, and taught her resignation to the will of God. Now other little ones enliven her fireside, and it is the mother-in-law who shares her joy.—*Waverly Magazine.*

How to Live in Summer.

Clothing must be considered, for it has much to do with our elasticity of movement. It is as yet a point of dispute whether cotton stuffs are the best wear, many approving of light woolens. For women nothing is sweeter in summer than a linen dress; it is a pity we do not patronize linen more for adults; for children, cottons; for workmen, worsteds. The heavy suits of men are weighing them down in summer, and clothes of serge are far preferable to those of thick woolen cloth. Very thin silk is a cool wear. The heavily-laden skirts of women impede the free action of movement much, and should be simplified as much as possible for summer. So also the headgear.

Infants, if at all delicate, should not be allowed to go with bare feet; it often produces diarrhoea, and they should always wear a flannel band around the stomach. Another important matter is the changing of night and day linen among the poorer classes. It is terrible to think that a workingman should lie down in the shirt in which he has perspired all day at his hot work. Let men accustom themselves to good washes every evening before they sit down to their meals, and to changes at night, that they may take up a dry shirt when going to their hard day's work.

Frequent changes of linen is absolutely necessary—anyhow, a night and day change. This change alone would help to stay mortality among children, if accompanied with other healthy measures, such as sponging the body with a little salt and water. Where tenements are very close wet sheets placed against walls will aid to revivify the air and absorb bad vapor in rooms. All children's hair should be cut short; boys' hair may be cropped and girls' hair so arranged by nets or plaits that air passes freely round the neck.

Light head coverings are essential in summer, for the head must be kept cool. The most serviceable dress is that which allows air to pass freely around your limbs and stops neither the evaporation of the body nor the circulation of the refreshing atmosphere. In summer you must breathe freely and lightly; you cannot do so with your stomach full of undigested food, your blood full of overheating alcohol, your lungs full of vitiated air, your smell disgusted with nauseous scents, your system unable to carry out the natural process of digestion. All the sanitary arrangements in the world will do no good if we eat and drink in such a fashion that we are constantly putting on fuel where it is not needed, and stuffing up our bodily draught, as we would that of a heating appliance. Our ignorance and our bad habits spoil the summer, that delightful season of the year—nothing else.

Rising in Life.

Those persons who have attained to eminence in any vocation of life have followed a uniform course—that of earnest work and unwearied application. None are truly happy but those that are busy; for the only real happiness lies in useful work of some kind, either of the hand or the head, so long as over-exertion of either is avoided. It should be the aim of every one to be employed. If all men and women were kept at some useful employment there would be less sorrow and wickedness in the world.

The Skidmore Butter.

The affable and gentlemanly proprietor of one of our leading hotels had just finished his first forty winks after retiring the other night, when he was conscious of a slight noise under the bed.

"Come out of that or I'll blow you full of Surtro tunnels!" he shouted, as he sat up in bed and cocked his revolver.

"Hold hard! I'm coming!" said the concealed party, scrambling from under the bed. It was too dark to see clearly, but the hotel-keeper could perceive a shadowy form arise and lean affably over the footboard.

"What the blanknation are you doing there?" roared the incensed steak stretcher.

"Now, keep cool—take it easy—don't get excited," said the intruder, blandly. "It's all your fault."

"What the blazes do you mean?"

"Why, I've been trying—my name is Sliggs, agent for Slushington & Slazy, Philadelphia—I've been trying to see you for two weeks. Wanted to show you a patented article of the greatest value to your business."

"Don't want to see any agents—but what the devil do you mean by—"

"I was just going to explain," interrupted the cheeky customer. "I determined to see you at any risk, so I just hid under the bed. You see, I wanted to get at you when you had nothing to bother you. Plenty of time to talk, you understand?"

"Well, of all the gall!"

"I won't detain you a minute," hastily continued the agent. "I am trying to introduce a patented article of butter, and—"

"We've arranged for all the oleomargarine we want," growled the hash server.

"But this is another article entirely. It is a composition of semi-liquid rubber, colored and manipulated so as to exactly resemble the best clover-leaf butter. By its use the boarder of the period can be brought so as not to eat any butter at all."

"Don't believe it," said the dyspepsia aggravator, incredulously.

"But it's a fact all the same," went on the agent, sitting on the footboard and lighting a cigarette. "You see, the guest puts his knife into the butter, and proceeds to butter his bread. That is he thinks he does, but the rubber merely yields to the pressure of the knife. Instead of the portion being removed it really slides back to the original roll as he withdraws his knife. The boarder imagines he has spread the bread, however, and eats it contentedly. You know how much imagination has to do with these things, anyway."

"Big money saved if the thing really worked," mused the landlord.

"But it does work," persisted Mr. Sliggs; "there are twenty-six restaurants and four large hotels using it in Chicago. Big success, too. Doesn't give the bread that peculiar—ahem!—peculiar wheel-greasy flavor of regular hotel butter. Besides, there are no hairs and things. If it wasn't so dark I'd show you a sample that has been in use over eight months. All you have to do is to freshen it up with a little water and a wooden die once a month, and there you are."

"I'll think over it," said the great American "extra" charger, thoughtfully.

"Do so, and I'll see you in the morning," and after tucking the covers around the landlord's feet and bidding him a cheery good-night, the butter agent unlocked the door and slid out.

Instead of inspecting the new boon to tavern keepers the next morning, however, the hotel man put in time writing an advertisement for the papers to the effect that if the sneak thief who stole four seal rings, a set of diamond studs, six scarf pins, pair sleeve buttons, gold watch and \$52 in coin from a room in the hotel, would return the jewelry, he could keep the money and no questions asked.—*San Francisco Post.*

Ease is the last thing in the world for a Christian to long for.

But it is quite right for him to wish and pray that he may be easy in his sphere, and do its duties easily. Not rest from toil, but peace in toil, should be our craving; not less work to do, but more strength for its doing. Ease is the paradise of a shirk, not a soldier, in the Christian warfare.

While Mr. Abby, of Umatilla county, Oregon, was driving a flock of 1,110 sheep over the Blue Mountains, they stampeded and leaped over a precipice, by which 950 were killed outright.

TWICE RESURRECTED.

A Lady Buried Twice and Finally Brought to Life.

A woman in Snicarte, Mason county, Ill., to all appearances, died. But a few weeks previous to this she had given birth to a child, and was apparently well. She soon afterward very suddenly sank away, and to all appearances gave up the ghost. The body was kept till the next day, when it was inclosed in a coffin and taken to the grave-yard, followed by a great many mournful friends. In laying her out her arms were tied together above the elbows with a strip of cloth, so that her hands would retain a natural position across her breast. At the grave some of her friends wished to view her remains, and the coffin was opened that they might do so. On removing the lid over the glass they could not see through the moisture on it, and it was then seen that one of her hands had been torn loose from the band and was lying by her side, and her arms were as limber as one alive. The circumstances bore upon the minds of several present, but still they could not entertain any notion but that she was dead. Her hands were again placed in position across her breast and retied with the same strip of cloth, and she was buried.

After returning to their homes several of the parties who had noticed the singular appearance of the corpse commenced to talk it over, and they soon raised a doubt in their minds that she was dead. About five o'clock the same evening several went to the grave and took the body up. On opening the coffin they found fresh moisture on the glass of the coffin lid, and her hands were again broken from the strip of cloth that bound them, and they were both lying by her side, and instead of her limbs being in the least rigid, they and her fingers were flexible. Notwithstanding all this, they could not convince themselves but she was dead and she was reburied. The matter was generally discussed in the neighborhood, and by the following Sunday the excitement had grown so intense that it was decided to re-exume her the following day. The next day (Monday,) after she had slept beneath the sod for four days and nights, she was again resurrected and taken to her home, where she has been slowly but gradually improving. Her friends entertain the strongest hopes of her recovery, which, if she does, will be a remarkable occurrence, long to be remembered by the people of Snicarte. The way in which this affair was managed was, to say the least, very singular.

SUBJECTS FOR THOUGHT.

Words are little things, but they strike hard. We utter them so easily, that we are apt to forget their hidden power. Fittly spoken, they act like the sunshine dew and the fertilizing rain, but when unfitly, like the frost, the hail, and devastating tempests.

The truly great consider first how they may win the approbation of God, and see only that of their own conscience; having done this, they would willingly conciliate the good opinion of their fellowmen.

Hope is the last thing that dies in a man; and though it be exceedingly deceitful yet it is of this good use to us, that while we are travelling through life it conducts us in an easier and more pleasant way to our journey's end.

It costs us more to be miserable than would make us perfectly happy. How cheap and easy is the service of virtue, and how dear we pay for our vices!

Prosperity shines on different persons much in the same way that the sun shines on different objects. Some it hardens like mud, while others it softens like wax.

The gold of the sanctuary must be tried before it is accepted; and is thrown into the fire not because it is of no value, but because it is so precious.

It is better to wear a poor vest with a royal heart behind it, than to wear a royal vest with a beggar's heart inside.

Many complain of their memory, but none complain of their judgment.

We always find wit and merit in those who look at us with admiration.

What appear to be calamities are often the sources of fortune.

Youth should be patient, because the future lies before it.

The heart ought to give charity when the hand cannot.

Whoever learns to stand alone must learn to fall alone.

Our charities and indulgences should be mutual.

Report is a quick traveller but a safe guide.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

He is a very ordinary man who finds fault with himself, and a very extraordinary one who never has reason to do so.

Matches carried into a nest by birds at the corner of the roof of a cottage in Shropshire, England, became ignited, and the building was destroyed.

A man has invented a chair that can be adjusted to eight hundred different positions. It is designed for a boy to sit in when he goes to church.

If muscans are out late of nights about this time, their wives will, of course, understand that they have been taking observations of the comet through a glass.

Blind musicians from the Perkins Institution, at South Boston, have kept in tune for five years past all the pianos—130 in number—in use in the public schools of Boston.

Mrs. Myra Clark Gaines, the noted litigant, is petite in stature, attractive in appearance, and possesses a full suit of yellow hair which is all her own. Her age is about— but let that pass.

The Baldwinville (Ga.) Gazette advertises the opening of a drug store next to an undertaker's shop in that village, and says that "the two institutions will be conducted in conjunction one with the other."

It is claimed that the excursion steamers in Massachusetts harbors and on the little strip of New Hampshire coast last year carried more than 11,000,000 passengers without accident to any one of them.

Most of the United States senators draw their salaries once a month, but some draw small amounts almost daily. One senator—Mr. Anthony, of Rhode Island—draws his salary at the end of every year through his banker.

Naturalized American citizens who go abroad should not fail to obtain their identity and citizenship they cannot legitimately claim the protection of the United States legations in foreign countries. The State Department gives notice that much trouble and annoyance may be avoided by this simple precaution.

The Man Who Watched.

A day or two ago, soon after the hour of noon, an individual who seemed to be laboring under considerable excitement entered a grocery store on Michigan avenue and asked for a private word with the proprietor. When the request had been granted he explained:—"I believe myself to be an injured husband, and I want to verify my suspicions by watching a house on the other street. This I can best do from the rear of your store. Have you any objections to my taking a seat back there by the open window?"

The grocer granted the favor, and the agitated stranger walked back and took a seat on a box of codfish and began his watch. His presence had almost been forgotten when he returned to the front of the store, with hasty step and quivering voice, and said:—"Great heavens! but I'll kill her! Yes, I'll shoot her through the heart!"

"Your wife?"

"Yes, my idolized Mary! I can no longer doubt her guilt, and I'll be a murderer in less than ten minutes."

The grocer tried to detain him, but he broke away and rushed around the corner. Not hearing anything further of him for half an hour, the grocer began to investigate, and he discovered that fourteen rolls of butter, a crock of lard, two hams, and other stuff had left the back end of the store by way of the window at which the watchful husband was stationed.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Silver from Mexico.

Six tons of ore from the San Miguel and Boncosvalles mines, three hundred miles from Chihuahua, Mexico, were recently received at the works on Windmill Island, opposite Philadelphia, and it is expected will produce about \$50,000 of silver. The mines are those now being operated by ex-Governor Shepard, of Washington, who is at present introducing new machinery, necessitating the closing of the reduction works for at least six months. This is one reason why the ore was sent to Philadelphia, but there was another reason: the tax imposed by Mexico for silver bars taken out of the country is ten per cent., while there is no tax on the ore, and the shipment was an experiment to save the tax if the freights will leave a margin for profit. This ore was carried on pack horses three hundred miles over the mountains to El Paso, and came the rest of the way by railroad.